Saul J. Turell-Graeme Ferguson present

The Love Goddesses

A WALTER READ-STERLING PRESENTATION
IN ASSOCIATION WITH PARAMOUNT PICTURES
Fascinating
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Intriguing
DAILY NEWS

HUGELY ENTERTAINING
JOURNAL AMERICAN

Deliciously
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Wonderful
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Not to be missed
THE VILLAGER

An Olympus of Dimpled Deities
TIME
Entertaining
NEW YORK POST

Not a dull moment
N.Y. HERALD TRIBUNE

A delightful experience
WORLD TELEGRAM & SUN

WORTH SEEING
NEWSDAY

Fascinating
SATURDAY REVIEW

First Rate!
THE NEW YORKER
"...the briskly sensible commentary is excellent. Some of the...vintage sequences are fascinating...what the women paraded past the censors is worth the admission price alone."

"The Love Goddesses" is—and are—here to fill our cultural gaps and delight our souls with one of the most enjoyable film anthologies to be culled from the cans in ages."

'Love Goddesses'
Sex Symbols
"The records of the stars in action are fascinating, from the simpering sweetness of Lillian Gish, a relic of Victorian conventions, to the made-in-Hollywood sex symbol, Marilyn Monroe...the most priceless sequence...the incomparable Mae West with her 'come up and see me sometime' voice."
Epiphanies

"The Love Goddesses, a compilation of shrapnel from old sex-bomb movies, is full of such deliciously improbable and improbably delicious moments."

NEW YORK JOURNAL-AMERICAN • THURS., MAR. 4, 1965

Smartly Made Documentary

"You'll have a grand time at the picture called 'The Love Goddesses'... hugely entertaining... don't miss this one."

THE NATIONAL OBSERVER—The Movie Melange

Surveying Sireny in "The Love Goddesses"

“It’s a study of leading ladies of American filmdom, all right, but it’s also a highly literate appraisal—produced and written by Saul Turell and Graeme Ferguson—of the nation’s changing attitudes towards its women, reflected in their images on the silent and sound screen. The witty, informative narration is delivered by Carl King."
Girls Girls Girls

"...movie buffs will happily sit through Harlow, Hayworth, Turner, Monroe, Taylor, Loren and Bardot to see tempestuous Pola Negri (Woman of the World, 1925); a giddy Greta Garbo clomping around in a tank suit for her first Swedish film (Peter the Tramp, 1922); and durable Claudette Colbert sharing her milk bath with two thirsty black cats (DeMille's Sign of the Cross, 1932) in what must be the only known instance of a striptease accomplished swallow by swallow."

ASBURY PARK EVENING PRESS, MARCH 1, 1965

"...fond memories of hours spent in the comforting darkness of cinema palaces, while others reveal for the first time the joys of which one has only heard...far more than a random sample of screen sensuality."

THE VILLAGER, GREENWICH VILLAGE, NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 4, 1965

"This is the most enthralling and fabulous film experience to come our way in a long time...priceless documents...kept audiences drooling...all together, this collection of pearls is absolutely not to be missed"
THE LOVE GODDESSES—(Reade) At the Astor, Coronet, and neighborhoods. Whether you are an old-timer subject to nostalgia or a young movie-goer filled with curiosity, as well as any in-between category you can think of, there is an amusing, informative time in store seeing this survey of sex sirens through movie history. Wonderful film clips are abetted by a sophisticated narration that tries to set these belles in the right historical perspective. For a change, the narration doesn’t annoy but illuminates. The film is a treasure house of femme stars and their leading men. And some of those scenes! What was allowed earlier would curl a censor’s hair today. From Lillian Gish to Brigitte Bardot, they’re all there. The highly entertaining film was produced and written by Saul Turell and Graeme Ferguson, who show particular taste in the poignant way they handle the segment on Marilyn Monroe.

MOVIES

Newsweek, March 8, 1965

Epiphanies

A drum beats and a line of chorus girls comes dancing out onto a stage. A gorilla comes lumbering out, snuffling and shuffling, and sits down in the middle of the stage. It is a fake gorilla, of course, and it removes a hairy paw, then another, and finally the head, under which is the head of—no! Yes!—Marlene Dietrich! This immortal epiphany is from the 1932 “Blonde Venus.”

THE LOVE GODDESSES, a compilation of shrappel from old sex-bomb movies, is full of such deliciously improbable and improbably delicious moments. Louise Claun just lies there on a chaise in “Leopard Woman,” but what a costume! Ruby Keeler is the demurely tapping sweetie in Busby Berkeley’s sensational, serried, surrealistic production number in “Gold Diggers of 1933.” Barbara Stanwyck turns on her husky voice and erotic sneer in 1933’s “Baby Face.” Mae West murmurs the immortal “Beulah, peel me a grape” in “T’m No Angel.” It’s amazing, absolutely amazing.

The narrative line on which these delicious old clips are strung is that the style of the love goddess has varied through the years. For this kind of abstruse thinking, nobody will care a whit—enchanted, transported, ravished absolutely by the generous and quite self-explanatory icons of Clara Bow (eyes!), Lya de Putti (lip!), Jean Harlow (thorax!), and Rita Hayworth (!!!), as well as Taylor, Monroe, Loren, and Bardot. Age cannot wither them, nor custom stale their infinite variety. Selah.
“THE LOVE GODDESS”
ASTOR, CORONET AND
SHOWCASE THEATERS

A feature-length anthology of the
story of sex in the movies, as a reflec-
tion of changing customs, manners and
morals. Written and produced by Saul
J. Turell and Graeme Ferguson, re-
leased by Walter Reade-Stirling, Inc.
Narrated by Carl King. Running Time:
One hour and 20 minutes.

So you think, in these days of
tickle-and-tease and snicker-and-smut, that
you know something about sex in
the movies, eh? Friend, you
know from nothing if you have
never seen Louise Glau
drawn and Lya de Putti
fancy, or Fannie Ward at
while
Sessue Hayakawa orders his
valet to “Lock the doors—and
go!” and starts heating the
branding iron, or Agnes
Ayres’ “Why have you brought
me here?” and Valentino’s
“Are you not woman enough
to know?”

But not to worry. “The Love
Goddesses” is—and are—here,
to fill our cultural gaps and
delight our souls with one of the
most enjoyable film anthologies
to be culled from the
black in ages.

Saul J. Turell (of “Silents,
Please!”) and Graeme Fer-
guson have come up with a
series of film clips spanning
65 years of movie-making and
comprising a sociological re-
port of sorts. For movies do
indeed reflect the morals and
mores of their time and the
ladies who have held sway
over the box office have done
so as symbols of all that is
desired (if not desirable) by
the contemporary male and
envied by the female.

From the first turn-of-the-
century, moving pictures of a
bit of sedate osculation known
as “The Kiss,” through the
sweet Lillian Gish-type rem-
nants of Victorianism to the
creation of the vamp, from the
post-World War I emancip-
ated flapper to the coo of the
remote Garbo-like Diet-
rich-like goddesses, from the
wide-open pre-production-
code days into the wholesome
Depression-era development
of the sweater-girl-next-door,
on we go to the lush Loren
and Lolita-like Bardots of our
own day. And there is not a
dull moment en route.

For the non-graybeards
among us there are—besides
the remarkable Miss Glau
in “Leopard Woman”—introduc-
tions to Theda Bara, Nita
Naldi, Pola Negri and Louise
Brooks. There is, of course,
nostalgia for every one, but
more particularly there’s re-
assurance for us and demon-
stration for the young that the
lovely ladies of the past were
worthy of our adulation.
There’s actually a shock in
seeing just how beautiful Bette
Davis or Hedy Lamarr or Mar-
lene Dietrich or Jean Harlow
or Rita Hayworth were when
first we met.

And there are the delights
of re-exploring Dietrich’s
white-tie-and-tails eroticism
in “Morocco”: Ruby Keeler’s
song-and-dance routines with
Dick Powell; Carole Lombard
and Ginger Rogers in early
“lingerie-comedies”; Bette
Davis undressing to her own
rendition of “Willie the
Weeper,” Garbo cavorting as
a bathing beauty. Lana Turner
and Betty Grable giving the
“sweater girl” phrase to the
nation—and lots more.

The producers underscore a
number of phenomena that
escaped us at the time (or
maybe we were too young to
spot the implications)—the
crivelocity that bordered on
lewdness in Busby Berkeley
extravaganzas, the nymphet
undertones to the early Shirley
Temple and Hayley Mills
movies. Elizabeth Taylor is
shown as “perhaps the most
beautiful” of the goddesses;
there is a touching digression
into the girl “inside” the sym-
bol with Marilyn Monroe; for
perhaps the ageless comment,
the one with satiric wit, we
get Mae West in her early
hilarious glory, and it’s the
bizarre scene in De Mille’s—
and Claudette Colbert’s—
“Cleopatra” that is given the
bow as the most spectacular
sex tribute on film.

Messrs. Turell and Fergu-
sen have given us two-score
and some goddesses and any
number of enchanting leading
men to go with. But the even
greater delight of “The Love
Goddesses” is that after you’ve
revel in the pleasures pro-
vided therein you’ll start
thinking of all those that were
not. And toting up past
pleasures, seen and unseen, is
paradise enough for the film
fan.

JUDITH CRIST.
Smartly Made Documentary

"THE LOVE GODDESSES," at the Astor, Corneli and other theatres, is a Saul J. Turell-Garamo-Ferguson production for Walter Reade-Sterling, Inc., release. Produced and written by Saul J. Turell and Graham Ferguson and narrated by Carl King, editors, Max Green and Howard Kupferman, music by Percy Faith.

Running time: 87 minutes.

YOU'LL HAVE a grand time at the picture called "The Love Goddesses," now at the Astor and Coronet, a smartly made documentary composed of clips from the silent era to the present day. It presents the top glamorous girls of the past decades and shows how the screen reflects the changing times.

In hugely entertaining succession it brings on the ingenues and the vamps of pre-World War I days, the sex symbols of the more emancipated '20s, the girls-next-door types of the depression era, the favorites that followed these and were in turn followed by the new image of the 50's and 60's.

The only fault one can find with this compilation is that some of its clips aren't long enough.

There are shots of Greta Garbo in a comedy she made in Sweden in 1922, and there's the classic interlude from that Mae West film when, after phoning Gary Grant, she demands imperiously, "Beaulah, peel me a grape."

There are shots of Theda Bara, Rudolph Valentino's heroines from Agnes Ayres to Nita Naldi and the "It" girl, Clara Bow, who make way for Gloria Swanson, Carole Lombard, Jean Harlow, Betty Grable, Ruby Keeler and Claudette Colbert. Marlene Dietrich is seen in the memorable "Blue Angel" with Emil Jannings, and shown in bits from various films are Rita Hayworth, Elizabeth Taylor, Marilyn Monroe and Sophia Loren. There just isn't room enough to list all the personalities appearing in review, but most of them are represented. Don't miss this one.

Girls Girls Girls

The Love Goddesses, put forth as a history of sex in the movies, is a grab bag of old film clips that suggests that the sundry excesses of Sweet Charlotte stem from time-honored Hollywood tradition. In The Cheat (1915), villainous Sessue Hayakawa leaves the mark of his desire on Fannie Ward's neck with a hot branding iron. In one of her early forays, Vamp Theda Bara anticipates the living bra by wearing what appears to be a giant tarantula. In Blonde Venus (1932), a gorilla lumbers through a chorus line, yanks off his ruffled head and paws and clears its throat for a husky song. The gorilla is Marlene Dietrich, who puts on top hat and tails for another floor show in Morocco (1930), ends by kissing a lady customer.

After tiptoeing past the social significance of such phenomena, the film's narrator asserts that "Depression breadlines brought about an age of innocence," which in turn brought fame to Shirley Temple, Deanna Durbin and Dorothy Lamour. Obviously Goddesses blunders into some broad generalizations, but it does offer an Olympus of dimpled deities, each doing her utmost to prove that any personable young miss can become a myth with sufficient luck, sufficient talent, or perhaps just a well-placed lisp. Sensation seekers lured by its title will find The Love Goddesses a disappointment. But movie buffs will happily sit through Harlow, Hayworth, Turner, Monroe, Taylor, Loren and Bardot to see tempestuous Pola Negri taking a whip to small-town prudes (Woman of the World, 1923); a giddy Greta Garbo clomping around in a tank suit for her first Swedish film (Peter the Great, 1922); and durable Claudette Colbert sharing her milk bath with two thirsty black cats (DeMille's Sign of the Cross, 1932) in what must be the only known instance of a striptease accomplished swallow by swallow.
A Credit to Their Sex
by Judith Crist

Stop wondering about what ever happened to Vera Hruba Ralston. Here's a new name to drop: Louise Glauam. It drops well. What ever happened to Louise Glauam, you say, and all those wise-guy cinema archivists are impressed. And speaking of Louise Glauam, you continue, what ever happened to Lya de Putti? I tell you, friend, it's the way to statesville with the luffs.

Miss Glauam, who predated Theda Bara in the vamp department with Leopard Woman, and Miss de Putti, the Marguerite-like character who worked her womanly wiles on a devilish Adolphe Menjou after she had entrapped a Faustian Richard Barthelmess in The Surrender of Susa, are but two of the two-score-and-then-some cinematic sex symbols gathered for our edification in The Love Goddesses, one of the best film-clip anthologies to come our way in a while. Let others expose the laws of the feminine mystique: Sandi Turell and Graeme Ferguson, producer-directors of the movie, arc singing its songs. They see the love goddesses of Shadowland as reflections of contemporary manners and morals trace their infinite variety and major manifestations since turn of the century. The producer-directors' success, however, results from their eye for something beyond sociology and/or sex: they're film fans and they have a sense of the classic and the immutable as they go from vampires to flappers to remote goddesses to "ingratiating" comedies to the sweater-girl-fan-towel-door to our latter-day exotics and Lolitas. And they and we have a ball along the way, the old nostalgia set abake and the ultimate comedy of the subject at hand exploited to the hilt.

No moviemaker is without his favorite cinematic sex scene; you may or may not find yours in The Love Goddesses. (The pleasure of seeing the anthology is, if anything, enhanced by recollections of what has been omitted. We fans are miserly, perpetually holding over and recounting cherished moments.) But certainly the classic statue of one exchange, made though it is via titles to the tinkling of mood music, is indispensible: as Valentine plucks the captive Agnes Ayres down in his tent and sets his eyes aglowing, the lady asks, "Have you brought me here?" and the Sheikh—for it is, dear reader, indeed he—replies, "Are you not woman enough to know?"

Read, unheard, those lines keep ringing in the ears; we've heard them hundreds—nay, thousands—of times, the embodiment of Hollywood's belved sex game, the foolish question begetting the foolish answer, the erotic situation prolonged, the tease continued, the lounging love-making progressing at its own peculiar pace. But see the Ayres-Valentine scene again and you see it pristine pure, and you bask in the pleasure of having spotted a classic first time around.

There's also the pleasure of realizing how right we were in being enslaved by the beauty of so many of the women who became sex symbols. This is one of the interesting aspects of a clip-collection like The Love Goddesses—made particularly interesting at the moment because a number of the symbols of other decades are still with us, their latest films in almost simultaneous release with Goddesses. And here's where the ultimate test comes to the star—a test that the Dietrichs and Garboes areuschewing, but others, in their wisdom or out, arc taking. The ones who pass it manage to prove either that a goddess can turn into an actress or that an old pro can do no wrong.

The unfortunate impression, however, seems to be that the real pros have to turn horrorhead to prove it. A friend of mine, pondering what ever happened to Vera Hruba Ralston (this was before we tossed Miss Glauam into the hopper), voiced the suspicion that she and Sonja Henie are due to turn up any day as a couple of monsters in an epic entitled "Shah Shuh, Sweet Chammali"; Shirley Temple, he says, is due to follow suit should she can play Jane Withers loose from her TV chores to the eye.